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W. P. WALTON.

THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story.

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Philip Wentworth spent a night of scheming. He was angry, baffled, jealous. To say that he loved Julia would not be true, he was utterly incapable of loving any one but himself, but he had set his mind, rather than his affections on her. She was rich and he could not have too much of that to indulge his luxurious tastes. She was beautiful and he admired beauty. She was finely educated and accomplished, in short was just the woman to adorn the home he intended to have and to be introduced to his friends. Her mother as well as his own sanctioned the match, her father agreed to it provided Julia desired it, nothing but her foolish whim stood in the way and that must and should be removed.

That a young man as poor as a church mouse and with no family to boast of should be a rival to the high bred son of General Wentworth was not to be thought of. His haughty pride would have made him overlook Henry as he would a worm, had not his keen sense told him that this would not avail, Henry was not to be overlooked, for in spite of wealth, position, influence, intellect is supreme, and will gain its way where the other will not avail. Philip knew this and that he must stoop to active measures if he conquered. Mind you he didn't think it stooping to do a mean, unscrupulous thing, but to recognize Henry as a rival, worthy of being fought was stooping. He packed a valise before he slept and wrote a note to Mrs. Darnleigh explaining that he had suddenly been called home on business which would probably detain him two or three days, at the end of said time he would return. Then he went softly down stairs, let himself out and made his way to Sam's quarters.

"Hello in there!" he called, tapping the door with the toe of his patent leather boot.

After a little tumbling around inside the door was opened about an inch and one of Sam's white eyes appeared.

"Is that you, Mr. Philip?" he said, opening the door wider, "what on earth is wasting time of night?"

"I want the carriage at five, promptly, to-morrow morning to take me to the train, don't forget, now."

"Yer don't want the boys at that heatish time? nobody'll see em."

"No, idiot, the buggy and Gyp."

"Ob! yer should ha said the buggy, sah. All right, sah, they'll be ready."

The next morning the family met for their nine o'clock breakfast, that is Mrs. Darnleigh and the girls, Mr. Darnleigh breakfasted at eight and went up town to his business.

"Where is Philip?" asked Mrs. Darnleigh, as she took her seat behind the shining coffee urn.

"He's gone missy!" said the white aproned maid to boy.

"Gone?" echoed Mrs. Darnleigh, dropping the little jeweled hand she had placed on the call bell.

"That's what he said, ma, and I'm sure there's nothing awful in that; no body wants him here but you; for my own part I wish he would go and stay."

"There's a note up stairs which he said was for you missy when you asked."

"Go bring it then and stop your grinning!" said the lady severely.

"Yes um!" said Jim, making a mighty effort to straighten out his physiognomy.

"Chatty," said Mrs. Darnleigh angrily, when the boy had left the room, "I shall certainly punish you if you don't stop talking in that way before the servants, you are not content with expressing your own silly views, but must speak as if Julia was foolish and wicked enough to have any but the highest love and respect for her aunt and cousin. I'm very much offended with you, very much indeed!"

"Now ma, what did I say against aunt Jane? She's good enough as far as I know, and I like her very well when she lets me alone, but as for Philip he is a conceited humbug and I think it and don't care who knows it!" cried Chatty, her face flushing with anger.

"You don't uphold her in those views, do you Julia?" asked Mrs. Darnleigh, turning to her oldest daughter, who had sat silent, her eyes bent on her plate during the whole interview, she raised them quietly now to her mother's.

"No ma, not exactly, but I think as little of Philip as she does, or almost."

"Leave the table this moment, both of you! I'll not have such disobedience and rebellion in my family."

"But ma—"

"Do as I tell you, Chatty."

"But ma," said the irrepressible girl as she rose slowly and regretfully from the table, "you never told us that we were to love Philip, at least you never told me, then how can you call it rebellion and disobedience? I am sure I never meant to be disobedient," casting a longing look at the table, "and it isn't nice in you ma, it isn't really, to eat all the birds and toast yourself!"

"You needn't go," said Mrs. Darnleigh, who seemed to have reconsidered, "but I shall certainly tell your father when he comes."

"That is all right, papa won't care," thought Chatty, telegraphing a merry look to Jim who no longer able to hide his ivories, snatched the biscuit plate and hurried to the kitchen.

But an observer would have been surprised at Mrs. Darnleigh. To Chatty, who had given great cause for offense, she was amiability itself, but with Julia she seemed mortally offended, and by a chilliness of manner and pointedly addressing her words and attention to Chatty, excluded her from the conversation.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Miss Castle referred to by Philip in a conversation with Chatty was a reality; a tiny souled reality, who had delicate tinted skin, a delicate face, a very delicate hand displayed to advantage on a guitar, and accompanied by a voice which split delicate people's ears; Chatty was the key effected by Miss Castle. She had visited the sweetheart of Mr. Krupp, the same lady who had been the innocent cause of Henry's trouble with the seniors.

And here it may be necessary to say to save that young man's reputation, that he never repeated the experience of the "East room" and ever afterwards forewore even cake and lemonade. He applied himself to his studies with renewed zeal and by his progress surprised the presidents into loud approbations, and they told him that one more term would turn him out a finished ornament to the institution. He was a general favorite with the seniors who invited him to their homes and a share of all their pleasures. Mr. Krupp and himself were especially warm friends. Mr. Krupp introduced him to Miss Carter, his sweetheart, who invited him to visit her often, which he did in Mr. Krupp's company.

The evenings spent here were always pleasant, Miss Castle's presence counted but little with Henry, but he was fond of music and both of the young ladies played and Miss Carter sang some old ballads with fine effect.

It was on a knowledge of these few visits that Philip grounded his assertion of an engagement between Henry and Miss Castle and 'twas in furtherance of this hastily conceived scheme that he left Mr. Darnleigh's. He did not stop at Lexington as he had led Mrs. Darnleigh to infer, but when he entered the train had a ticket to Covington sticking in his hat band. He lolled on a crimson velvet seat, his feet on the seat opposite, the window thrown up to admit the morning air, a cigar in his mouth, the paper in his hands, his mind full of schemes. Suddenly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and a hearty voice called out:

"Hello Wentworth! where in the name of all that is marvelous did you come from and where are you going? I thought you were in Cincinnati!" and the cheerful face of Mr. Dingley, framed in by a smoking cap, presented itself.

"You didn't think me silly enough to be in the city at this time of the year, did you?" said Philip, shaking hands with his friend and moving his feet to make room for him on the seat opposite.

"Covington," said Mr. Dingley, glancing at Philip's hat-band, "for what?"

"On business."

"That's a fine view there," said Mr. Dingley, pointing from the window, "do you like the country, Wentworth?"

"No."

"You will admit it has beauties and sources for enjoyment not found in town, plenty of flowers for instance and a good apple orchard are not out of place, trout streams too, eh?"

"I don't like it," said Philip, "I can get all the flowers and fruit I want by going round the corner, and I never saw the fun of sitting on a bank all day staring at a glassy sheet of water until my eyes ached and my face blistered, then going to bed with a cold in my head! No thank you; the country is well enough for poets to sing about and to supply the vegetable markets. I'm a social being myself, give me my neighbors chimneys, the roar and bustle and life of town."

"You haven't a grain of sentiment in your soul, Wentworth."

"I am glad of it, sentiment is like a wart on a man's nose, he is ashamed of it, but tries to think it becoming, carries it always with him and never has any use for it. Give me the real in life, none of your fancies. If I had lived in the age of mistle and shadows I would have been burned for my skepticism, for I never would have tolerated all their fooleries."

"Well," said Mr. Dingley, laughing, "I enjoy the country in summer in the same way I do a fine cigar or the last opera; it's something new and makes a fellow dream and think. I always get acquainted with myself during a quiet stay in the country; never have time till then; make a bushel of good resolutions which I forget as soon as

I get in sight of the court-house spire, and break every one before twenty-four hours spent in town. I say, Wentworth, I believe a fellow could be a tolerable christian in the country, it's out of the question in town. I said the other day that I wouldn't drink but once a day; as I was passing a saloon I looked at the house on the opposite side of the street and was nearly by when Thompson called to me to take a drink with him and of course I did and have been taking the usual number ever since. Man is a creature of circumstance; show me a man's surroundings and I'll tell you what kind of a man he is or will be. Of course the will is free, but sometimes I've half a notion to side with Hobbs and say it's controlled by motives eh?"

"I don't know," said Philip, who was by this time heartily tired of his friend's tirade. "Do you know any one in Covington?"

"Plenty of them."

"A Miss Castle? I've a message for her."

"Irene Castle? Yes of course I know her; visited Fannie Carter, at home, last spring."

"I wish you would favor me with her address," said Philip, throwing a card on Mr. Dingley's knee.

Slipping the address thus easily obtained into his pocket, he and Mr. Dingley talked and smoked away the distance to Covington, where they parted. Philip went immediately to a hotel and wrote a note asking permission to call at six and one-half o'clock, saying he wished to see her on particular business, enclosed Mr. Dingley's card and sent it to her without delay.

The answer came saying that Miss Castle would be delighted, and the time appointed found Philip sitting with bent brows, studying a plain faced girl on opposite sofa. "We did not get acquainted while you were in Lexington, Miss Castle," Philip was saying, "but I feel that I know you very well, for all that, and am acquainted with a little fact, the knowledge of which brought me here, but I scarcely know just how to open this conversation with you," added Philip with a little uneasy laugh.

To have seen his face then was enough to puzzle any one on his guard, the fox face which would be a lamb's if possible and was making such a miserable failure, the knowledge of something on which his delicacy constrained silence, but on which duty directed an opposite course.

Miss Castle not knowing just what was required of her took refuge in a sigh and said "Yes?" in that interrogative way which expects something else.

"Ahem, Miss Castle, I'm a misunderstood fellow, people think me indifferent and selfish, when on the contrary you never knew a man of more feeling, but I find so little congeniality in my sentiments, so few people are really generous, that I suppose and am half ashamed of my feelings, but I heard that you were a young lady of great heart as well as mind and I have a hope that you will be able to understand and appreciate my motives in coming here to-night. I'll be as brief and spare your feelings as much as possible. You had a friend, a gentleman, who was greatly attached to you by the name of Graham?"

Although he had been as gentle as possible Miss Castle gave a faint shriek, went through all the stages of an easy faint, was revived sufficiently by a glass of water and many epithets from the exasperated Philip, to resume an upright position, cover her face with a bit of handkerchief and bid him to go on, to tell her everything, under no consideration to regard her feelings at all for they were of no consequence whatever and begging him to tell the worst and be very explicit, she dived behind her handkerchief deeper than ever.

"There's nothing bad to tell, that is not very bad. Plague take the girl is she going to make a regular simoleon of herself?" he thought as he leaned against the mantle piece and looked down on her with a frown.

"Well," came from behind the handkerchief.

"Well," echoed Philip, "I might as well go back, I can't expect any help from you I see, although it would advantage you greatly if I could."

The handkerchief was removed and the girl looked at Philip with a shrewdness and hardness of expression which he had not thought her capable.

"Is he married?"

"No."

"Going to be?"

"Not if I can prevent it, which I can if you will help me."

"Of course I will. Who is she?" fiercely.

Philip's brow cleared, he sat down near her. "Ah! that is it, you'll do now. No foolishness when one wants to do you a good turn."

He then told her in a few words as possible about Julia and Henry, throwing in several of his own surmises and enlarging facts. When he finished Miss Castle asked, "What can I do? What do you want of me?"

"Only to write her a letter which I will dictate. She's a girl of strict honor and would have nothing whatever to do with him if she could be made to think any other woman had a prior claim on him. I can trust her to keep your secret."

It was ten o'clock when Philip rose to go. "We understand each other," he said at parting, "hereafter we are strangers, Julia must not suspect that I have any

hand in the matter, or that I have even been here; be sure and send the letter in the course of a week."

He went back to Lexington the next day, staid over night, then returned to Danville. He found his aunt alone, Mr. Darnleigh was at his store, the girls were out for a ride; she welcomed him warmly.

"I was afraid that your business would keep you from us, it is a great pleasure to have you here Philip; I've no son of my own and you seem almost to fill the place of one," said the good lady innocently.

"I wish that I could be your son," said Philip laughing.

The lady was pleased, but intensely mystified.

"You know of course, aunt, that I'm in love with Julia, I've not tried to conceal it."

"Nonsense," said the lady, tipping him playfully with her fan. "She is your cousin, your foolish boy, you don't know what you are talking about."

"Yes I do. I've wanted to speak to you on the subject before; with your and uncle's consent I'll speak to Julia."

"Well," said Mrs. Darnleigh thoughtfully, "we shall have to give her up sometime I suppose and I would rather give her to you than any one else. Is it not said that we have to lose our children, all the tender ties and memories of babyhood and childhood and girlhood broken at last by their marrying, and leaving us. Sad, too sad."

Philip who had been perfectly awake to all the schemes of his aunt to bring about this very proposal was too disgusted to make answer—"but" continued the lady, "I will gain such a dear son that I'm sure it's weakness in me to give way to these foolish tears."

Philip thanked her, but was not overpowered by either her affectionate assurances or the tear or two which the thought of losing Julia had provoked. So he excused himself and went up to his room to get rid of some of his dust.

"I'll not consult my lovely and affectionate aunt about Graham until I see the effect of that letter on Julia."

Jim brushed his clothes and laid out his embroidered slippers.

"Who's been here in my absence?" asked Philip deeply engaged with his collar button.

"Lots of folks."

"That young Graham?"

"Bole of the young Mister Gramma," said Jim brushing a coat very hard.

"Umph, what did aunt say?"

"I never heard her say nuffin, mister said that they was promisin' young geman."

"Get me a flower," said Philip shortly, "not tuberoses, I don't want to be reminded of a funeral all evening; something with very little perfume."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

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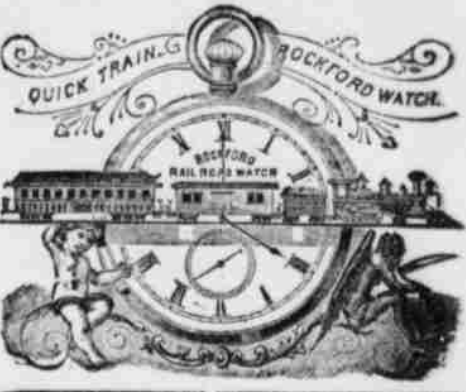
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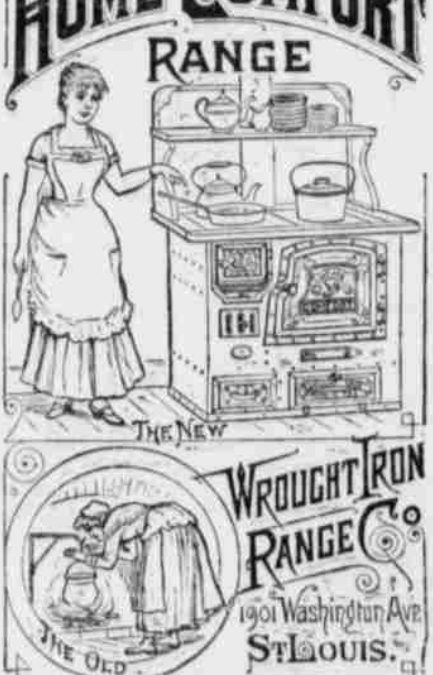
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